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NEW YORK LETTER

The state of Kentucky is even more diversified than Tennessee, and in the eastern portion, where the long and bloody feuds have been fought in the times past, the people are as different from the western Tennesseans as though they belonged to another nation.

Thirteen years ago I was special pension examiner in the Big Sandy River region, and often traveled among the feudists, but was never better treated in my life. The winding strings of mountains left no space for public roads but the creeks that wound around through them, and I traveled for hundreds of miles along rocky beds of streams, sometimes on ice. In the summer I could see the men, women and children working away upon the steep mountain sides, their little rocky corn patches, where it did not look like corn could find a footing, let alone the people who worked it. One man told me of going along the road one day, when he saw a man, horse and plow changing ends as they rolled down the mountain side. Landing in the creek, the man pulled the trace-chains from around his neck, got up, bowed, and said: "Excuse me, mister, I jist fell out of my farm!" The food of these people was different from any I had seen. They had a way of putting whole green corn in barrels with salt, till it got sour like crock; and they served green beans the same way; so that the tables smelt pretty vinegary. Hog was the great meat diet; salt boiled pork and turnips, and that everlasting sour corn, met me at every table. Consumption was common among them and I figured out it was because they married so young; a girl there who was over sixteen and unmarried being considered an old maid. Then they intermarried so with each other, that there was little new blood in the region. Bill Hamilton would settle at head of the creek and have about ten little Hamiltons; his children would marry into the family across in the next hollow, or into a bunch a little further down the creek. Few of them could read or write. I took one old lady's statement and handed her the pen to sign it. "Lord, mister I can't write!" she exclaimed. "When I was a gal the folks kept me a-gwine to the corn field from mornin' till night, and I never had no book-larnin'." People of few, powerful emotions, are always dangerous. Feuds that cost dozens of lives started about the alleged theft of a shoat, but the natives killed each other daily. Strangers were well treated. I have seen a Kentucky mountaineer run his last lone rooster to its death to give me a good meal. The rooster was tough, but the tenderness of the man's heart that killed it for me made it good.

Some of the large families lived in one-room houses, where were grown girls. They all loved to hear me talk about the great city of Washington and the world outside. The man of the house did all the talking; the girls made no sound but an occasional giggle or a whisper to each other, and they never would sit down when I was at the table. When bed-time came, the mother would signal the daughters, and they all stepped out and the old man said: "Now, mister, hits your time to git into bed." There was a bed in each corner of the one room, and I had the best one. After I was tucked in nicely, the mother and her stalwart girls came in, the little kerosene lamp was blown out, and I heard the women shuffling off their garments and slipping into bed. They were all up and busy with breakfast before I woke in the morning. The old man had said the night before: "Well, mister, we love to hear you talk; hit's jist like a book; but hit's eight o'clock, and we inginnerally turn in at seven; for we've got to git up at four; and I guess you're tired too." For my supper, lodging, breakfast and feed for two horses night and mornin', they would not take more than fifty cents, sometimes saying that they kept no hotel, and like to see strangers anyhow, as so few of them ever came that way. I would talk Russian and other languages to the

children, who did not know that such languages existed, and would highly praise those who succeeded in repeating the words after me. Kind, simple-minded people, but holding the virtue of their women and the sanctity of their word more precious than life-itself, and was to the man who abused their faith.

The whole truth about these eastern Kentucky mountaineers has never been told, but John Fox, Jr., in his "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" came the nearest of any writer I have ever read after.

The cabins of these people were generally clean and free from vermin, but I stopped at one place in Floyd county that left a lurid stain on my memory. I ate a glorious supper of fried fresh ham and corn bread and rich milk, and honey made from sourwood, the comb as white as snow and the dry-sweet flavor of the honey beyond description delicious. But they had a big gang of old flop-eared hounds that hung around the door, their heads on one side, silently begging till some one shied a bone at them, when there was a terrific scramble in the back yard for the bone. One old hound, more bold than the rest, would sneak in and go under the table, where some one would slip him some meat, and his crunching of the bones could be heard till the old lady, who was determined to keep up some pretensions to decency while a stranger was there, would drive the dog out; but he would soon be back under the table again. Finally, she squared herself around in the chair for a fight with him, and the prudent animal, to avoid trouble, slipped out and started away. As he passed her, the old lady lifted a foot and gave him a kick that fairly made his ribs crack, as she belted: "I declare to gracious I'm a-gwine to kill that ole houn!" You, Willyum McKinley, git outa h'yer!" Willyum McKinley stayed out just about seven minutes and was back again. He knew his mistress better than I did, for I thought he was gone to stay. They had tried to honor our martyred president by naming their favorite dog after him, but that president would not have felt much honored if he had seen his shaggy namesake.

I was tired and went to bed—but not to sleep. I heard the hounds whack-whack-whack under the bed, kicking off the fleas, and then I felt a little sting, something wiggling between my ear and pillow, and a little bite on my hand at the same time. The bed was full of bugs! Soon they were re-inforced from the fleas which were being shed in showers by the hounds underneath the bed, and where the bed-bugs didn't bite, the fleas did. I had an awful night of it. My father said he once stopped at a little hotel at Paducah in war times, and saw written on the wall, this irreverent but fervent prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
Where body lice and chinsches creep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord their necks to break."

I never saw any lice in all my journeys, but the chinsches were certainly there that night. They clustered between every finger and the next one, and when I closed my hands, dozens went to a bloody doom. The next morning, the man of the house asked me how I had slept. I told him I hadn't slept at all. He rubbed his hands gleefully, and said, chuckling: "O, we've got 'em!" The fellow was actually proud of his vermin. "Got what?" I ventured. "We've got both sharps and flats, mister." "What do you mean?" "Well," the old fellow said, laughing at his own smartness, "the sharps is the fleas and the flats is them other fellers." The miserable joke tickled him so much that I was obliged to laugh, too. But I avoided his musical ranch on the return trip, although his sourwood honey was good enough to dream about.

Some time I may tell about my experience with old Devil Anse Hatfield, head of the Hatfield-McCoy feud clan, that killed nearly fifty people before they quit their murderous war. He treated me finely, and gave me the true story of their troubles, which would make a book of itself, and one not very creditable to American civilization. Such a book had best remain unwritten, but a sketch of the man himself would be interesting. His nephew is governor of West Virginia, and one of the finest men I ever met.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

WORLD'S LEADING TOBACCO TOWN.

Winston-Salem, N. C., Now Manufactures More Tobacco Products Than Any Other City in the World.

Following are extracts from an address delivered by Col. A. D. Watts, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of North Carolina, at a smoker given by The Twin City Club, Winston-Salem, February 4th, 1916:

"Some Comparisons"

"Winston-Salem is supplying one-fourth of all the chewing and smoking tobacco consumed in the United States, besides exporting vast quantities to foreign lands. This statement is taken from the report of the commissioner of Internal Revenue for the first quarter of the present fiscal year and from private advices from Washington, as to the second quarter which ended December 31st, last.

"Your city is making one-seventh of all tobacco products—chewing and smoking tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and snuff—manufactured in the United States. Your manufacturers are paying on an average about \$37,000 a day revenue taxes to the government and the amount is increasing from month to month. When your government building, much the handsomest in the State, was completed last July at a cost of \$250,000 your newspapers made the statement that the taxes paid in your city to Uncle Sam for the first eight days of its occupancy would pay for it. Since September, it has taken only a fraction over seven days collections here to equal its cost. So far this week Mr. Cranford has taken in \$206,428.50. "I predict that before 1916 shall have ended your average weekly payments to the government on tobacco will more than pay for this magnificent building, leaving the collections for the other fifty-one weeks as clear profit to the government."

"Tobacco Shipments"

"Winston-Salem is shipping on an average each week day to all parts of this country and to foreign lands at least \$150,000 of tobacco products."

"In conclusion, Winston-Salem manufactures more tobacco, all tobacco products are taken into this statement, than any city on earth, little or big. Industrially, she is easily first in North Carolina, population considered, first in America and I believe, in the world; socially, a never failing delight to her friends."

Monumental Works.

I represent the Continental Marble and Granite Works of Canton, Ga., and have over 200 modern designs. Get all my prices before placing your order. W. S. TAYLOR, Selmer, Tenn.

Unique Little Book.

A little book of twenty-five poems by Elder J. V. Kirkland is just off the press. Each of the poems is on some practical subject and has a spirit of the true ring of christianity and correct living. In some the author touches up some of the foibles of the day in a manner which cannot fail to be remembered by the reader. It is just such a production as young folks will read, and should be on every center-table in the land. Send 25c to Elder J. V. Kirkland at Henderson, Tenn., and get one.

For Sale.

I have for sale a lot of choice, selected Japanese cane seed for sale at 10c a pound, special price per bushel. Double the yield of ordinary sorghum. Finely flavored syrup.

S. K. WALLACE, Middleton, Tenn.

Notice to Creditors of H. C. Taylor, Deceased.

Having suggested the insolvency of the estate of H. C. Taylor, deceased, and upon the proper order of the Clerk of the County Court of McNairy County, I hereby give notice to all creditors of said estate to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the County Court of McNairy County, Tenn., at his office in the Court House on or by the 10th day of July, or such claims may be barred by law.

This April 4, 1916.

Mrs. M. A. STRAUER, Administratrix.

10,000 yds Loom-End Calico at 4c a yd
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We have a complete line of men's and boys' plow shoes from \$1.50 up

Overalls at the same old price as long as they last

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WE have a stock of splendid values in Men's Suits for Spring and Summer. Serges and fancy weaves in all-wool fabrics, Palm Beach and "Summacool" cloth. All well tailored, and better values for the price than you can get in any city, and if we cannot fit you out of stock, or if you want a suit made to your individual measure, we have yard and a half swatches from the best tailoring house in the United States. We guarantee to fit and please. See us before U buy
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on farm lands in McNairy county. We will secure loans for money for five years' time secured by first mortgage on farm lands in McNairy county in amounts of \$1,000 and up. Loans are made on 40 per cent valuation of land. W. D. AND O. C. HAGY, Selmer, Tenn.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces, expelling the poison from the blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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